

# I Giuochi d'Agrigento,

A NEW

## SERIOUS OPERA,

In TWO ACTS,

As performed at the

*King's Theatre in the Haymarket.*

The MUSIC by the celebrated

**SIGNOR PAISIELLO,**

Under the Direction of

**SIGNOR FEDERICI.**

**L O N D O N:**

PRINTED BY J. HAMMOND, NO. 12, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,

NEAR CHARING CROSS.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.]

## Dramatis Personæ.

**HERACLIDES**, King of Agrigentus, Father  
of Alcæus

*Mr. Kelly*

**ALCÆUS**, under Name of Cleærus, Supposed Son  
of Aristocles King of Locres

*Signor Domenico Bruni.*

**ASPASIA**, Daughter of Aristocles

*Madam Mara.*

**EGESTA**, Daughter of Heracles

*Signora Marianna Belloli*

**CLEONES**, High Priest of Jupiter

*Signor Carlo Rovedino.*

**PILOSSENIUS**, a Royal Prince of Locres

*Signor Bragbetti.*

**ELPENORES**,

*Signor Garzelli.*

Chorus of Agrigentines

Chorus of Locreses

Chorus of Priests

Wrestlers

Soldiers and People.

Ballet-Master

*Monf. Noverre.*

## Principal Dancers.

*Monf. Nivelon,*

*Mlle Millard,*

*Monf. Favre Gardel,*

*Mlle Hilligsberg.*

*Monf. D'Egville,*

*Signor Gentili*

Painter and Machinist, *Signor Gaetano Marinari.*

Inventor of the Dresses, *Signor Sestini.*



## A R G U M E N T.

*AN INSURRECTION* having taken place in the Dominions of *Heraclides* King of *Agrirentum*, and a Prince of the Posterity of *Hercules*, he marched against the Rebels, and slew with his own hand *Agamedes* the Chief of them; but having shed the blood of the Rebel in the Temple of *Jupiter*, even before the Sacred Altar, where he had taken refuge, the profanation provoked the Celestial Vengeance, and occasioned the dreadful calamity of a Plague, which extended her Raven Wings all over the Country; upon which *Cleon* the High Priest having consulted the Oracle, the answer was to expiate the heinous offence, the Deity required the sacrifice of *Alceus* an Infant, and the only Son of the King; yet by the servile and incessant prayers of the Priest, *Jupiter* relented, and *Cleon* was only enjoined by the Oracle to expose *Alceus* in a wood at the foot of Mount *Aina*, which order he faithfully obeyed, with the precaution of appending a jewel at the Infant's neck. A few moments after, *Argia* Nurse of *Clearcus*, an Infant Son of *Aristocles* King of *Locres*, happening to pass that way, actuated by sentiments of pity for the poor exposed Infant, took proper care of him, and as at that very time *Clearcus* accidentally died, the Nurse took an opportunity of making *Alceus* pass for the Son of *Aristocles*. Now the supposed *Clearcus* being brought up at the Court of *Locres*, felt an unconquerable affection for *Aspasia* the King's Daughter, who had the same tender sentiments in his favor, as they really thought themselves Brother and Sister, *Clearcus* to check his criminal flame, secretly departed, and after visiting different countries, he arrived at *Agrirentum*; *Heraclides* had just ordered a Game of *Wrestlers*, in which the Conqueror was to be honored with the hand of *Egesta* the King's Daughter. *Clearcus* tried his valour, and was crowned with success, but *Aspasia* hearing that he was at *Agrirentum* came to meet him, which interrupted the intended Marriage, till a full discovery was brought about; by which it appeared that the real name of *Clearcus* was *Alceus*, and that he was brother to *Egesta* and not to *Aspasia*; which removed every obstacle to the desired union between him and this latter Princess.



ATTO I.

SCENA I.

*Anfiteatro ripieno di Spettatori. Loggia Reale nel mezzo  
Eracleide nella loggia Reale, Elpenore in atto di coro-  
nare il genuflesso Clearco in figura d'Atleta, Varj  
Atleti confusi e avviliti da una parte, e dall' altra  
Coro d'Agrigentini.*

Elp. QUESTA del tuo valore  
Nel cimento agonal degna mercede,  
Sospirata corona,  
Agrigento, o Clearco, oggi ti dona.  
Di giusti plausi eccheggi  
Sicilia tutta, e in sì felice giorno  
Alzi canti di gioja a te d'intorno.  
[Clearco si alza.]

CORO.

Della Zefiria Locri  
Viva il Reale Atleta,  
Che 'l suo valor provò. *(parte il Coro.)*

SCENA II.

*Egeſta, ſeguita dal Coro d' Agrigentini, ſi avvanza al cenno  
d' Eracleide già diſceſo dalla loggia reale.  
Clearco e detti.*

Er. O d' egregia fortezza  
E di chiare virtù principe adorno,  
Vieni al mio ſeno. Il ſuo perduto Figlio  
Trovì Eracleide in te. Sappia il mio regno  
Che tua la man d' Egeſta  
Oggi farà. La mia promeſſa è queſta.

Cle. Grato ai favori tuoi  
Deh credimi, Signor; ma pago io ſono  
Della gloria che ottenni, e non pretendo—

Er. Baſta, ti credo, e 'l mio dovere intendo,

Ege. *(Giùſto Ciel! io ne tremo)*

Cle. *(Dei pietoſi! e non l' amo.)*

Er. Figli, non più, paghi farete. Andiamo;  
D' un bel nodo s' affretti



# ACT I.

## SCENE I.

*An Amphitheatre full of Spectators. A magnificent seat for Heraclides in the middle. Elpenores crowning Clearcus, who appears as a Wrestler, and on his knees. Various Wrestlers confused and dejected on one side, and on the other a chorus of Agrigentines.*

ELPENORES.

O CLEARCUS, to-day Agrigentum confers on thee this much contended crown, this worthy prize, whiche thy vylour has obtained in the athletic trial. Let thy well deserved plaudits be re-echoed through all Sicily, and let every voice unite in singing the joys of so happy a day. [Clearcus rises.]

CHORUS.

Long live the Royal Wrestler of Locres, who has given such eminent proofs of his valour.

[Exit Chorus.]

## SCENE II.

*Egesta followed by the Chorus of Agrigentines advances at the nod of Heraclides, who leaves his seat. Clearcus to them.*

HER. O Prince blessed with incomparable vigor, and no less adorned with splendid virtues come to my arms. In thee Heraclides finds his lost son. Let then be proclaimed through all my dominions, that the hand of Egesta shall be thy reward, this is our royal promise.

CLE. My Lord, I cannot sufficiently express the gratitude I feel for such a high favor; yet I am fully contented with the glory I obtained, and do not pretend—

HER. I believe thee, but still I know my duty.

EGE. (O ye merciful Heaven; I tremble!)

CLE. (Ye powers! her charms seem to command the adoration of the world.)

HER. Well my children, I hope I shall promote your happiness. Let us on and hasten to conclude this fortu-

nate union. Public festivities in every part of our dominions shall proclaim our royal felicity.

The sun shall never set for us, if we are but blessed with a successor worthy the blood of our ancestor the glorious Hercules.

*[Exit with Eg. Cle. and Her.]*

CHORUS.

Long live &c.

S C E N E III.

*The porch of the Temple.*

Cleon. *Chorus of Priests.*

CLE. O ye venerable ministers of the thundering God, this is a great and important day big with the fate of this country. A glorious wedding is intended between the royal Egeſta, and the victorious Wrestler, but the high decrees of heaven are not yet known.

S C E N E IV.

*Heraclides, Egeſta, Cleareus crowned. Part of the Chorus of Agrigentines, Soldiers, &c.*

HER. To the minister of the greatest of all celestial powers I come to present the illustrious conqueror, him, whom I designed for my son in law, and for the presumptive heir of my crown.

CLE. O could I but forget Aspasia, I should then be happy indeed!

EGE. (O heaven! what means this secret terror that invades my soul!)

HER. Mean time thou Cleon solicit with thy prayers the favor of Jupiter, that my choice may be crowned with the expected bliss.

CLE. It is our sacred duty ever to implore the protection of the Deity for our sovereigns.

HER. Tell me Cleareus, is now thy heart satisfied?

CLE. My Lord, I already assured you, that your goodness to me exceeds all bounds, but permit me to absent myself but for a few moments—Alas! a sudden gloom seems to obscure the peace of my soul. Assist me ye powers? I see a fatal danger, and have not sufficient fortitude to avoid it.

La pompa ed il piacer, di plausi amici

Queste risuoneran sponde felici.

Vedrò ridente il Sole

Splender nel Regno mio,

Tenera e vaga prole

Conforto a me farà.

[parte con Egesta, Cle. ed Erac.

CORO.

Della Zefiria Locri, &c.

(parte il Coro.

### S C E N A III.

*Vestibulo del Tempio.*

Cleone, coro di Sacerdoti.

*Cle.* O del Rettor del tuono  
Venerandi Ministri, è questo giorno  
Più di quel che pensate  
Importante per noi. Deve chi vinse  
Farli sposo ad Egesta, e 'l punto istesso  
Di sì chiari Imenti  
A scoperta maggior serban gli Dei.

### S C E N A IV.

Eracleide, Egesta, Clearco incoronato, parte del Coro  
d' Agrigentini, Soldati e detti.

*Er.* Al pontefice Augusto  
Del maggior degli Dei presento io stesso  
Chi nell' illustre arena  
Il premio riportò, quello ch' io voglio  
Genero insieme, e successore al soglio.  
*Cle.* (Ah! se Aspasia obbliassi,  
Chi più lieto di me!) *Ege.* (Ciel! d'onde viene  
Il turbamento mio!) *Er.* Cleone intanto  
Raccomanda al gran Nume  
La scelta mia. *Cle.* Far voti a pro' de' Regi  
Sacro è per noi dover. *Er.* Dimmi Clearco  
Sei pago alfin? *Cle.* Signor, tel dissi, eccede  
La tua bontà, permetti  
Che lontano da te per pochi istanti—  
Qual improvviso affanno  
Funesta il mio pensiero  
Assistetemi o Dei!  
Nel mio fatal periglio  
La costanza mi manca ed il consiglio.



Dei Numi pietosi  
Calmate la pena,  
Rendete serena  
La pace del cor.

(parte

Er. Come, Egea non parli?  
Dimmi non è Clearco  
L'oggetto del tuo cor? forse non l'ami?

Ege. Signor, che dir poss'io?  
I cenni tuoi dan legge al voler mio.

So che tacer dovrei  
Quel che spiegar non so;  
Ma invan celar vorrei  
Il duol che m'agitò.

Pur de' timori miei  
Giusta ragion non ho:  
Ah! voi parlate o Dei,

Se il labbro mio non può.

(parte

S C E N A V.

Eracleide e Cleone.

Er. Questi confusi accenti  
Son figlj del rossor, ben li comprendo;  
Giunto è 'l termine alfin de' nostri affanni,  
Si rasserena il Ciel. Parla, Cleone.

Dimmi, posso di tanto  
Lusingarmi a ragion? Cleo. Questo mio sguardo  
E' mortal come il tuo; ma ognor clementi  
Giova i Numi sperar. Er. Sì ne son certo!  
Giunto è di pace il ma di qual s'addensa  
Mentre di gioje io parlo (odonsi tuoni.

Orrido nembo sul mio capo! e quale  
Nnovo palpito in me! V' intendo, o Dei  
Tropo presto placati io vi credei

Il Ciel fiammeggia, e tuona  
Il mar minaccia, e freme!  
Ah! pronta m'abbandona  
La mia felicità.

Compagni andiam; si fugga  
Crescendo il nembo vò.

CORO. Compagni, &c.

(partono.

S C E N A VI.

Mare. Tempesta con tuoni ed Aspasia che sbarca, indi  
Elpenore.

Ye merciful powers pity my bleeding heart, inspire my distracting thoughts with a ray of your superior wisdom.

[exit.]

HER. How is it Egeſta? why ſo ſilent? tell me, is not Clearcus the object of thy ſoul? doſt thou not love him?

EGE. My Lord, what can I ſay? thy wiſh is a law to my will.

I cannot expreſs what I feel; but my confuſion betrays the perplexity of my ſoul. A deadly fear reigns over all my vitals, and yet I can ſee no ground for it! O ye eternal powers diſpel the fatal clouds of my mind.

[exit.]

## S C E N E V.

*Heraclides and Cleon.*

HER. Theſe confuſed expreſſions can only be traced to virginal baſhfulneſs—I don't think I have any thing more to apprehend from the celeftial vengeance---what doſt thou ſay Cleon? ſhall we not enjoy happy days?

CLE. My Lord, I am but a mortal as well as you, ſo that my knowledge cannot be greater than yours, this only I can ſay that the mercy of heaven is boundleſs, ſo we have reaſon to entertain good hopes.

HER. Yes, I am certain of it, the day of univerſal tranquillity is arrived. But lo! what does this thunder mean? they ſay it is a trumpet which reſounds the anger of Jove---alas! I fear, he has not yet forgiven me the profanation of his Temple, when I killed the rebel Agamemes before the ſacred altar.

From every region of the ſky  
Red burning bolts in forked vengeance fly,  
Dreadfully bright they glare,  
And burſts of thunder rend th' encumber'd air.  
Ah! how ſoon my felicity forſakes me!  
My friends, let us away---the ſtorm increaſes.  
CHORUS. Let us away

[exeunt.]

## S C E N E VI.

*SEA.*

*A Storm, Thunder and Lightning. Aſpasia lands, then Elpenores.*

B

Chorus of Agrigentines.

Behold a ship on the point of being lost.

ASP. Alas !

CHO. The boldness with which men venture their lives on the faithless element can only be termed a desperate folly.

ASP. Alas ! ye merciful Deities, in this dreadful moment all my hopes are center'd in you.

CHO. The unfortunate Virgin is right to implore the mercy of the Gods.

*[the storm abates.]*

The horrors of the storm now seem to cease,

The show'ry bow

Bids its colour glow,

In radiant circle compasses

the skies,

Adorns the clouds, and makes the tempest peace.

*[the storm gradually abates.]*

ASP. Heaven be praised, we are safely landed, but God knows what fate awaited our companions, whom the storm separated from us---where are we now ? what land is this ?

ELP. Madam, you are on Sicilian Ground, where reigns Heraclides.

ASP. I am glad to hear that we reached a place famous for hospitality.

ELP. But Madam, can I presume to ask your name ?

ASP. My name ? I am the princess royal of Locres.

ELP. A relation of Clearcus ?

ASP. Nay, his sister.

# S C E N E VII.

*To them Heraclides and Soldiers.*

ELP. Behold, Heraclides is coming.

HER. Who reached this shore ?

ELP. This virgin, who is sister to Clearcus.

HER. What do I hear !

ASP. Yes, My Lord, my name is Aspasia.

HER. Welcome Madam, you are then sister to my son in law.

ASP. How so ?

HER. In a very short time, he will be such ; for my daughter is the prize he deserves for his victory in the wrestling match.



*Coro d' Agrigentini.*

Mira il legno, che naufrago, errante  
E' vicino fra l' onde a perir.

*Asp.* Ah!

*Coro.* Folle in vero chi al flutto incostante  
Fida i giorni con misero ardir!

*Asp.* Ah!

Dei clementi in sì fiero periglio  
Vi domando consiglio, pietà.

*Coro.* L' infelice donzella agitata  
Chiede a' Numi l' usata bontà.

*(va calmandosi insensibilmente la tempesta)*

Ma par che si calmi

La furia del vento;

L' incerto elemento

Men fiero si fa.

Al lido s' appressa

L' ardita carena,

Il ciglio serena

L' affitta beltà.

*(Asp. ne sbarca co' suoi Locresi seguaci)*

*Asp.* Sia lode al Ciel, salvi già siam. Che fia

Dei miseri compagni,

Che divise da noi l' atra tempesta?

Ma dove siam, e qual mai terra è questa?

*Elp.* In Sicilia tu sei,

Dov' Eraclide impera. *Asp.* Intesi, e godo

Che ad inospite arene

Non approdai. *Elp.* Ma tu chi sei? *Asp.* Di

Locri

La Real Principessa.

*Elp.* Di Clearco congiunta? *Asp.* Anzi Germana.

S C E N A VII.

*Eraclide, Soldati, e detti.*

*Elp.* Ecco Eraclide vien. *Er.* Chi giunse al lido?

*Elp.* Costei che di Clearco

E' Germana. *Er.* Che ascolto?

*Asp.* Sì, mio Signor, conosci

Aspasia in me. *Er.* Vieni al mio sen. Germana

Del mio Genero sei. *Asp.* Come? *Er.* Fra

poco

Ei tal farà. Del conquistato alloro

Nell' atletica arena

Fia questo il premio. *App.* Ciel, che intesi!

Ah tosto

Voliamo a lui. *Er.* T' appagherò. Ma pria

Spiegami qual destino

Ti spinse a questo suol. *App.* Piangendo ancora

T' ubbidirò — ma stelle!

Perdonami Signor — spolo è il Germano?

*(si allontana da Erac.)*

Qual annunzio funesto!

Tutti i pensieri miei cedono a questo:

Tradita io sono — o voi furie d' Averno

Affistete il mio sdegno

E mentre di compir gli empj imenei

Il barbaro s'affretta

Piombi sul capo reo la mia vendetta.

Già trionfar si crede

So che mi crede oppressa.

Ma a lui la sorte istessa

Potrebbe il ciel serbar.

Se poi cader degg'io

Cadrò da forte almeno,

E invendicata appieno

Non mi vedrà spirar.

*[ partono tutti ]*

S C E N A VIII.

*Vestibulo del Tempio di Giove.*

Elpenore e Cleone.

*Elp.* Il vincitor ti brama

Clearco. *Cleo.* Ov'è? *Elp.* Nel sacro bosco.

*Cleo.* Vanne,

Tosto con lui farò: che vorrà dirmi: *(Elp. parte)*

Ogni bel pregio in lui mirasi accolto,

Nel valor e nel volto

Vero rampollo ei par d' Erculeo prole,

Com' era appunto Alceo;

Ma la paterna colpa

Lavar dovea quell' innocente figlio,

Tanto costa ai mortali

Provocar di lassù l' ire fatali.

In van di pianto amaro

Sparge gli altari e 'l suolo

Pentito il Genitor.

Tardo sembrò riparo

Il pentimento e 'l duolo

Al suo funesto error.

*( parte )*

ASP. O heavens! what have I heard! I'll hasten to see him.

HER. You shall see him, but let me know what cause brought you hither?

ASP. I shall comply with your request, but forgive my tears—ye stars! My Lord, I crave your pardon why! my brother is going to be married! what dreadful tidings! all my thoughts must now give way to this serious and gloomy reflection—I am deceived—o ye infernal furies assist me in my rage, and before the conclusion of the odious nuptials, aid me to wreak my vengeance on the treacherous head of my cruel brother.

He flatters himself that I am at a great distance, and does not think I deserve to be consulted in this marriage; but he will find that he is not allowed to dispose of his heart without my concurrence.

[*exiunt omnes*]

S C E N E VIII.

*The porch of the Temple of Jupiter.*

Elpenores and Clearcus.

ELP. The conqueror Clearcus wants you.

CLEO. Where is he?

ELP. In the sacred forest:

CLEO. Go, I'll soon be with him—what [Elp. *exit* may he require of me? it must be confessed he truly is an accomplished Prince; in his manners as well as in his looks he appears the true offspring of Hercules, as Alcæus was; but the life of that innocent child was doom'd to atone for the guilt of his father, so fatal it is to provoke the celestial vengeance.

His deep remorse in vain did endeavour  
to reconcile his soul to heaven—  
The superior beings have hitherto  
proved deaf to his repentance.

*exit.*



S C E N E IX.

*A sacred wood near the Temple.*

Clearcus and Elpenores, then Cleon.

Chorus of Priests.

Behold how sorrowful and dejected  
the unfortunate youth is! he seems  
to rave with all the madness of  
despair.

ELP. Clearcus comes just in time.

CLEA. Didst thou see the high priest?

ELP. He will soon join you.

[exit

CLEA. I shall wait for him. (O Jupiter I implore  
thy aid.)

CLEO. O Prince what has befallen thee? why art  
thou so sad.

CLEA. I have too much reason for it.

CLEO. What do I hear, ye powers! what dost thou  
wish for? CLEA. Peace.

CLEO. Who denies it to thee? CLEO. Love.

CLEO. And is not love propitious to thee?

CLEA. On the contrary ominous—

CLEO. But are you not to marry Egesta this very day?

CLEA. Alas 'tis too true.

CLEO. Then you hate her.

CLEA. No, I admire her, but how can I end my  
misery, it is impossible for me to forget—

CLEO. Explain thyself.

CLEA. Ah! urge no more questions.

CLEO. The darkness of thy words does not give me  
any idea of the state of thy mind.

CLEA. I can only say this to thee, that I am a true  
object of pity.

CLEO. But be more clear in thy discourse.

CLEA. Alas! I cannot.

CLEO. Well then, farewell.

CLEA. Stay, hear me.

CLEO. Well speak (indeed his perplexity excites my  
compassion)

CLEA. (What can I say!) if this heart should burn  
with some fatal guilty fire? if a sister—(Oh heavens!  
what am I going to discover!) Forgive me, the excess  
of my grief bereaves me of my senses. If the idea of an  
atrocious crime should seize my spirits with terror—No,  
I am not guilty of any crime—thanks to the mercy of

## S C E N A IX.

*Bosco Sacro contiguo al Tempio.*

Clearco ed Elpenore, indi Cleone.

Coro di Sacerdoti.

Ve' come pallido  
Muto dolente  
Il forte Giovine  
Errando và.  
Sospira, involasi  
Torna, si pente  
E in negre immagini  
Immerso stà.

Cleo. Ecco appunto Clearco

Clea. Vedesti il sacerdote.

Elp. Teco sarà fra poco.

*(parte)*

Clea. L' attenderò. (Giove il tuo braccio invoco.)

Cleo. Prence che avvenne mai? mesto mi sembri.

*(all' arrivi di Cleo. tutti i Sacerdoti si ritirano)*

Clea. N' ho pur troppo ragion. Cleo. Che sento o Numi!

Dimmi che vuoi? che brami?

Clea. Pace. Cleo. Chi a te la vieta?

Clea. Amor. Cleo. Nè sembra questi

Propizio a te? Clea. Funesto. Cleo. E in sì bel giorno

Sposo a Egesta non dei? Clea. Pur troppo.

Cleo. Ah forse

La sua mano detesti? Clea. Anzi la bramo

Qual rimedio a' miei mali. Ah sì, per questa

Dovrò alfine obbliar. Cleo. Spiegati. Clea.

Ah lascia——

Cleo. E come! Qual mistero

Chiudono i detti tuoi?

Vuoi che t'ascolti, e favellar non vuoi!

Clea. Ah ministro de' Numi

Compiangi il caso mio. Se tu sapessi——

Cleo. Ma spiegati una volta. Clea. Oimè nol posso.

Cleo. Addio. Clea. Fermati ascolta.

Cleo. Parla. (Mi fa pietade

La smania sua.) Clea. (Che potrò dir?) Se ardesse

D' una fiamma fatal quest' empio core,

Se una germana——(Oh Cielo!

Che scopro mai!) Perdona;

Vaneggio nel dolor. Se orrere al Mondo

Mi rendesse un delitto——

Ah delitti non ho. Non seppi mai  
 Concepirne il pensier. Ma che t' arresto ?  
 Scusa: (L' incauto labbro  
 Si freni alfin.) Comprendi  
 Che finor delirai, che se al tuo sguardo  
 Da una piena d' affetti io parvi oppresso  
 Fu ebbrezza di piacer, di gioja eccesso.

Sognai tormenti, affanni,  
 Ma colla pace in seno;  
 Tutto è per me sereno,  
 Nulla per me dolor.

(Affetti miei tiranni  
 Tacete, oimè tacete;  
 Pur troppo ognor sarete  
 Arbitri del mio cor.)

(entra nel bosco)

S C E N A X.

Cleone, indi Eraclide ed Aspasia, poscia Clearco.

Cleo. Occulta smania fiede  
 Entro quell' alma. Io non errai. Er. Clearco  
 Sai dove sia? Cleo. Fra quelle folte piante  
 Ei s' internò. Er. Sieguimi Principessa.

Asp. Andiam. Cleo. Pietosi Numi  
 Affrettate il momento

[Erac. ed Asp. entrano nel bosco.

Da voi promesso, e morirò contento.

Asp. Clearco. Clea. E a questo segno,  
 Sarò in odio agli Dei? D' un caro oggetto  
 Ma vietato dal ciel la dolce imago  
 Sempre scolpita in me! Asp. Clearco. Clea.  
 E donde

Questo remoto suon? Asp. Germano—

Clea. Eterni Dei! Che ascolto! a questo nome  
 Un palpito crudel—Ma che? non vedi  
 Infelice mia mente

Che 'l tuo solo delirio è a te presente?

Asp. Eccoti alfin. Clea. Che vedo! Aspasia! Oh  
 Numi!

Sei tu? Asp. Son io. Clea. Ah no! Non fai—

Asp. E che? Clea. Parlami solo

Del Genitor. Asp. Morì. Clea. Cielo!

Asp. Ti chiama

Locri a regnar. Clea. Deh fuggi, Aspasia, e  
 regna

In vece mia. Asp. Che dici?

Clea. Fuggi—lascia—Asp. Che fai?



heaven I am innocent—but why do I detain you? forgive me. (Let prudence restrain the uncautious lips) pray do not mind what I said, I now come to my senses, I own that my words were loose as heaps of sand, but it was the height of my joy that hurried my spirits into a state of frenzy.

No man ever was happier than myself, I am supremely blest—(O ye torturing thoughts be silent, do not force me to discover the misery of my soul.

*[ enters the wood. ]*

S C E N E X.

Cleon, then Heraclides and Aspasia, afterwards Clearcus.

CLEO. That eating canker grief secretly preys on his heart—I was not mistaken.

HER. Dost thou know where Clearcus is?

CLEO. He has just entered that forest.

HER. Follow me O princess.

ASP. Let us on. Her. and Asp. *enter the wood.*

CLEO. Ye gracious powers, hasten the moment, which you promised, and then you may cut the thread of my Life. ASP. Clearcus.

CLE. And why are the Gods so much set against me? why cannot I forget that lovely image? why is it so deeply fixed in my heart?

ASP. Clearcus? CLEA. Whence this distant sound?

ASP. Brother——

CLEA. Eternal powers! what do I hear! this name excites a cruel palpitation——But alas! why do I indulge the delirium of my fancy?

ASP. I have at last met you.

CLEA. What do I see? Aspasia! O ye powers! is it you? ASP. Yes, 'tis Aspasia.

CLEA. Ah wretched me! why do you seek me?

ASP. To embrace you.

CLEA. Ah no, you do not know——

ASP. What? CLEA. Speak only of my father.

ASP. He is dead. CLEA. O heavens!

ASP. All the Locrians demand your speedy return, that you may take possession of the Crown.

CLEA. Go thou Aspasia, and reign for me.

ASP. What do you say?

CLEA. Ah fly from me, leave me——

ASP. What does this mean? has Clearcus the heart to abandon me thus? to turn me away from him?

CLEA. Alas! thou art unacquainted with my serious reasons.

ASP. Farewell, may peace be restored to your heart, and a better destiny than mine await the remainder of your days, but forget any thought of love, do think of me no more.

CLEA. How can any peace be restored to my heart, if thy cruel words deprive me of every thought of comfort and future happiness.

ASP. Alas, I do likewise lose all my happiness.

CLEA. Am I then doomed never more to see the beloved object of my affections.

2. This is the cruel manner in which the eternal powers are pleased to reward the sincerity of my affections: it is impossible for me to outlive my affliction.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## A C T II.

### S C E N E I.

*Royal Apartments.*

*Filossenus, and Egesta.*

FIL. How is this my Princess? the torch of Hymen is already burning on the Altar for your happy nuptials and you are here? what can be the cause of it?

EGE. Do not torment me: 'tis in vain that you wish to know from my lips, what is unknown to myself—farewell—FIL. Stay, hear me—

EGE. For heaven sake do not increase my affliction.

Alas! I have no words to tell my grief; to vent my sorrow would be some relief; I can only say that I feel within my heart a strange conflict between hope and fear.

[exit

### S C E N E II.

*Filossenus alone.*

FIL. Some unfortunate event has clouded the usual

Parti! mi scacci! *Clea.* Ah tutto, ohimè! non fai.

*Asp.* Addio rimanti in pace  
Spera destin migliore,  
Non ramentar l'amore  
Scordati pur di me.

*Cle.* Come sperar più pace  
Ne' giorni miei poss'io?  
Se tu m' involi oh Dio!  
Ogni mio ben con te.

*Asp.* Perdo l'amato oggetto

*Cle.* Più non vedrò chi adoro.

*a 2.* Ad un costante affetto  
Qual barbara mercè!  
In sì tiranno affanno  
Se di dolor non moro,  
Morte per me non v'è.  
FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

## A T T O II.

### S C E N A I.

*Appartamenti Reali.*

*Filosseno ed Egesta.*

*Fil.* **P** RINCIPESSA, che fai?  
Già d' Imeneo le faci  
Ardon per-te sull' ara, e tu quì resti;  
Qual n' è mai la cagion? *Ege.* Lasciami in pace,  
Quel ch' è ignoto a me stessa  
Saper dal labbro mio

In van tu cerchi, addio.

*Fil.* Fermati ascolta. *Ege.* Oh Dei!  
Non rendere maggior gli affanni miei.

Spiegar non posso appieno

Quello ch' io provo in petto:

Speme, timore, affetto

Tutto combatte in me.

(parte)

### S C E N A II.

*Filosseno solo.*

Qualche lugubre evento

Oscurò i rai del suo gentil sembiante,



Nè può 'l suo core imbelle  
Resistere al furor d' avverse stelle.  
Il pianto avea sul ciglio,  
L' affanno avea nel cor;  
Temo per lui periglio,  
E per me temo ancor.  
Ah, che trovar consiglio  
Non so nel mio dolor.

(parte)

S C E N A III.

Clearco, indi Aspasia.

*Clea.* Chi di me più infelice!  
Quanti tumulti oh Dio!  
Sento nell' alma mia.  
Ma viene Aspasia: oh stelle!  
Che mai farò? *Asp.* Clearco,  
Eraclide ti attende  
A compir gl' imenei,  
E all' adorata sposa  
Sollecito non corri? *Clea.* (A qual cimento  
Sconsigliato m' esposi!) *Asp.* I passi tuoi  
Sacro, e importuno forse  
Titolo di Germana or meco arresta?  
*Clea.* Crudel, che dici! e qual ingiuria è questa!  
*Asp.* Ah, sì; tenero in vero  
M' accogliesti poc' anzi; il mio trasporto  
Fu seguito dal tuo. *Clea.* Deh taci credi,  
Che se tutto sapeffi——  
*Asp.* So che i fraterni affetti  
Tu ponesti in obbligo, che cerchi Egesta,  
Che non pensi che a lei,  
Che più Aspasia non ami— *Clea.* Eterni Dei!  
Che non t' amo? Ah mio ben— (Che fo? che  
dico?  
(Soccorso, o Ciel) Non più Germana.

Addio

(parte)

*Asp.* Barbaro! lo convinse il labbro mio.

Affanni crudeli  
Lasciatemi in pace,  
Di tanto capace  
Quest' alma non è.  
Io piango e sospiro,  
E palpito e tremo,  
Vaneggio, deliro,  
Nè trovo mercè.

(parte)



serenity of her mind; and a female heart can seldom resist the adversities of fortune.

Tears from her wounded heart bleed  
at her eyes: some secret anguish  
rolls within her breast; I fear,  
some great danger at hand for us  
all.

[exit

S C E N E III.

Clearcus, *then* Aspasia.

CLE. Can there be a mortal more wretched than myself? what tumults, ye powers! what conflict I feel within my soul! but Aspasia comes—ye gracious Gods! what shall I do?

ASP. Clearcus, the king is waiting for you to conclude the nuptial ceremony, why do you not hasten to join the beloved bride?

CLE. (My mind never was in a greater perplexity.)

ASP. It is perhaps the presence of your sister, that occasions the strange disquietude, which appears in your dejected looks.

CLE. Ah cruel Aspasia, why do you wound my heart thus?

ASP. The cold indifference with which you received me is a sufficient proof that my absence is one of your secret wishes.

CLE. No more, believe me, that if you could know the real sentiments of my tortured mind——

ASP. Yes, too well I know that you have entirely forgot your sister, that Egesta has the full possession of your heart.

CLE. Let the eternal powers witness my words—it is impossible for me to forget Aspasia, yes my love—(Alas! what do I say) (assist me O heaven!) I can remain here no longer, dear sister farewell. [exit

ASP. The cruel man is too sensible of his fault, and cannot bear my reproof.

Ye anguishing thoughts cease to  
torture my heart, I have no fortitude equal to the height of my affliction—alas! sighs and tears are my constant companions; I am almost distracted with grief, and cannot even summon to my aid the illusion of hope.

[exit

## S C E N E IV.

*Temple of Jupiter, the statue of the God, an Altar with fire.*

*Cleon and chorus of Priests.*

CLEO. The fate of Alcaeus must at length be known but it is not yet time to reveal it : but I see, the King comes with the noble couple, and a great number of attendants—joy appears in every face without a cloud.

## S C E N E V.

*To them Heracrides, Egesta, Clearcus, Aspasia,*

*Filossenus, and chorus.*

HER. Great Minister of Jupiter we come to solicit thy sacred aid—perform the rites of this happy union, and let thy holy hymns express our gratitude to the supreme Being.

CLEO. I obey—companions let us unite our melodious strains, and join to implore the favor of the celestial powers.

*Chorus of Priests.*

From the eternal spheres design O Jupiter to listen to the humble vows, which we offer up to thee with trembling lips ; let these nuptials be crowned with constant bliss, and protect our sovereign let his sorrow cease, and his cares turn to joys.

CLEA. O merciful power assist my thoughts, with thy heavenly grace, so that I may never deviate from the paths of justice and truth—Direct my affections with the light of thy wisdom.

*The chorus of the priests joins the chorus of the Agrigentines.*

*From the eternal, &c,*

CLEA. Correct the mistakes of my heart, and bless my wedded love with never failing constancy,

Thou hast given strength and valour  
to my arm, grant now virtue to my  
soul.

## S C E N A IV.

*Tempio di Giove. Statua del Nume, e ara con fuoco.*

*Cleone. coro di Sacerdoti.*

*Cleo.* Palese alfin d' Alcèò  
Render si dee l' arcano,  
Ma tempo ancor non è. Tra folto stuolo  
In giuliva fembianza  
Or coll' inclita coppia il Re si avanza.

## S C E N A V.

*Eracleide, Egesta, Clearco, Aspasia, Filosseno.  
coro e detti.*

*Era.* Gran Ministro di Giove  
Eccoci a te: presiedi  
Al dolce nodo, intuona il canto, e sia  
Grata al cielo così la scelta mia.

*Cleo.* Ubbidisco. Sciogliete  
Compagni il labbro, e voti al Ciel porgete.

*Coro di Sacerdoti.*

Là dall' eterne sfere  
Ascolta, o Nume, i voti,  
Che Regi e sacerdoti  
Alzan tremando a te.  
Fa che propizio annodi  
Due lieti cori Imene;  
Fa che cessar le pene  
Possan del nostro Re.

*Clea.* Gran Dio che de' mortali  
Leggi nel sen gli affetti,  
Ah tu delitti, e mali  
Discaccia ognor da me.  
Tu che vedesti i danni  
D'un cieco afflitto core,  
Fa che di tanti affanni  
Amor gli dia mercè.

*(parte del coro di Sacerdoti col coro degli Agrigentini)*  
Là dall' eterne sfere, &c.

*Clea.* I dolci antichi errori  
Sgombra dall' alma mia;  
E fa ch' eterna sia  
La marital mia fè.  
Ah, se di mille onori  
Il mio valor fregiasti,  
Fa che ne' suoi contrasti  
Amor dia legge a se.



*Coro di tutti.* Là dall' eterne sfere, &c.

*Era.* Non più. Clearco, Egeſta,

Itene all' ara. *Clea.* Andiam. (coſtanza, o core;  
Scorda Aſpafia per ſempre.) *Ege.* (Oh infauſto  
orrore!)

*Cleo.* Per quella ſacra fiamma

Ambo colà giurate——

Ma qual tuon! quai portent! olà fermate.

*Era.* Oh Dei! già trema il tempio. *Fil.* Il Ciel ſi  
oſcura——

(*Nell' atto di giurare vedesi tremare il Tempio, ed ingombrarsi d' improvvisa caligine. Tutto accompagnato da un tuono ſordo e ſottterraneo.*)

*Cleo.* Qual minaccia! *Clea.* Che orror! *Ege.* Che  
rea ſventura!

*Aſp.* Forſe la mia preſenza

E' a queſto nodo infauſta;

Io partirò. *Clea.* No reſta, Aſpafia, oh Dio!

Prendi almeno da me l' ultimo addio.

(*Cleo. e gli altri ſi ritirano indietro*

Gelido, palpitante,

Pieno di ſmanie ho il cor.

*Aſp.* Volgi quel tuo ſembante

Al mio fraterno amor.

*Era.* Figli, in sì dolce iſtante  
lo ſcordo il mio dolor.

*Clea.* Padre, Germana, oh Dei!

*Aſp.* No, quel di pria non ſei.

*Era.* Per voi tornar contento  
Mi ſento——o figli ancor.

*Clea.* Lasciami, *Aſp.* No, ſpietato

*Era.* Come! la fuggi? ingrato!

*Clea.* Ah, ſe parlar poteſſi,  
Vedrete il mio roſſor.

*Aſp.* (Ah, queſti accenti iſteſſi  
Fan giuſto il mio timor.

*Era.* Ambo turbati, oppreſſi——

<i>Clea.</i>	} Oh eccetto di	{ roſſor! dolor! ſtupor!
<i>Aſp.</i>		
<i>Era.</i>		

*Era.* Qual invido fato

*Clea.* Qual barbaro fato

*Aſp.* Qual forte ſpietata

Qual Nume tremendo

*Era Clea. Aſp.* Mi fa paventar?  
ſoſpirar?

(*partono.*

[ e s' odono varj tuoni.



Chorus of all, From the eternal &c. ?

HER. Enough Clearcus, Egeſta go to the altar.

CLEA. Let us reach it (My heart be firm, forget  
Aspafia for ever)

EGE. (Alas ! what terror ſeizes my ſpirits !)

CLEO. Swear then both by the ſacred flame—but  
what means this thunder ! O heavens, let us ſuſpend the  
ceremony.

HER. O ye gracious powers ! what do I ſee ? The  
temple itſelf ſeems to totter.

FIL. What dark clouds obſcure the day ?

[While the prieſt is going to perform the nuptial rites the  
Temple totters, and ſuddenly grows dark—with great peals  
of thunder.]

CLEO. This is an ill omen.

CLEA. What horror !

EGE. Some dire miſfortune is at hand.

ASP. My preſence perhaps is the cauſe of this pro-  
digy, I ſhall depart.

CLEA. No ſtay, Aspafia, or at leaſt receive from me  
my laſt farewell.

[Cleon and the others withdraw]

My woe-ſtreſſed heart is tired with care  
and ſorrow.

ASP. Ah, do not forget thy ſiſter's love

HER. And ſtill hope ſmiles on me and I forget my  
cares. CLEA. Father, ſiſter, O ye powers !

ASP. How changed you are !

HER. The prodigies I ſaw perplex my thoughts,

CLEA. Aspafia farewell.

ASP. Ah cruel brother !

HER. Why wilt thou leave us ?

CLEA. Could I but ſpeak——

ASP. (Alas ! I am convinced he does not love me)

HER. How both covered with confuſion ;

3. My groans re-echo to his groans, and we all  
raiſe in concert our lamentation.

HER. Some cruel fate awaits me.

ASP. CLEA. HER. The ſtrange prodigies that hang  
over us ſeem to proclaim the anger of Jupiter.

[thunder and lightning. extant]

D

## S C E N E VI.

Cleon, *then* Heraclides,

CLEO. Again the temple totters—omnipotent Jove,  
I see that thou art not propitious to the nuptials of Egesta  
and that our vows are rejected by thee,

HER. But where is Egesta, and where Clearcus?

CLEO. My Lord, 'tis proper to alter your mind,  
dost you hear the rumbling sound that proclaims the  
celestial indignation? those rending lightnings that rage  
over our heads are the clear voice of heaven that forbids  
the intended marriage. [thunder again.]

HER. What do I hear? what do I see! my blood  
runs cold, and I feel my sinews slackened with a horrid  
fright—what dreadful scene! who's there? Ah! 'tis  
the spirit of Agamedes—he glares a look of dreadful  
anger—he points out to me the wound, with which I  
hurled him to the infernal regions even before the altar  
of Jove—Ah my crime is too great to leave me any  
hope for mercy.

I have drawn on my head the vengeance  
of Jove——

Alas I am an unfortunate King, and a  
most wretched father.

CHO. (Some pale spectre seems to burst upon his  
fight, his dreadful distraction is a true object of pity)  
take comfort my lord, do not indulge your mind in  
gloomy reflections, and visionary terrors.

HER. Ah! 'tis in vain my friends, you try to sooth  
the sorrows of my tortured heart—till my crimes be  
washed away by the waters of Lethe, I cannot hope for  
peace [exeunt]

Some pale &c.

## S C E N E VII.

Royal Apartments.

Clearcus, then Aspasia, lastly Elpenores with a paper,

CLEA. To you great Gods I make my last appeal,  
Or clear my virtues, or my guilt reveal.

But here is Aspasia I must be gone.

ASP. Stay Clearcus, 'tis in vain you hope——

S C E N A VI.

Cleone, *indi* Eraclide.

*Cleo.* Torna a tremar il Tempio!

Onnipotente Nume

Agli imenei d' Egeſta

Tropo avverſo ti moſtri,

E a te grati non ſono i voti noſtri.

*Era.* Ed Egeſta dov' è? dov' è Clearco?

*Cleo.* Ah per pietà, Signor, muta conſiglio,

Deh penſa al tuo periglio;

L' ira del Ciel non ſenti

Che in voci di terror ti vieta il nodo

Che di compir preſumi?

(*ſi ſentono tuoni*)

*Era.* Che ascolto mai! che miro! orrido gelo

Per le vene mi ſcorre,

Palpito di ſpavento, e mi circonda

Sola di morte il cor voce profonda.

Ti veggo, ah sì, ti veggo

Del traſitto Agamede ombra ſdegnata;

Tu l' ara un dì macchiata

Del ſangue tuo m' additi;

Tu contro me di Giove il braccio irriti.

Ah più ſpeme non ho. Nel ciel fu ſcritto

In caratteri eterni il mio delitto.

Sul mio capo è ognor ſoſpeſa

Degli Dei la mano ultrice;

Odian queſti un Re infelice,

Strazian queſti un Genitor.

*Coro.* (Cento larve par ch' ei veda,

Fa pietade il ſuo terror.)

Ah Signor non darti in preda

A sì barbaro dolor.

*Era.* Fidi, amici in van cercate

Di calmar l' affanno mio;

Sol potrà l' eterno obblio

Render pace a queſto cor.

*Coro.* (Cento larve, &c.

(*partono*)

S C E N A VII.

*Appartamenti Reali.*

Clearco, *indi* Aſpafia, *finalmente* Elpenore *con foglio.*

*Clea.* Paghi farete alfine

Avverſi Dei. Sarò qual più volete

Colpevole, o infelice. Aſpafia, oh ſtelle!

Fuggaſi. *Aſp.* No; t' arreſta

Tu sperì invan. *Clea.* (Qual nuova guerra è questa!)

*Asp.* Ah s' io avessi d' Egesta  
Il sembiante— *Clea.* Che ascolto?  
Forse per me tu di gelose cure  
Provi il rimorso in seno?

*Asp.* Ti apponesti crudel. *Cle.* M'amì tu dunque  
Fino a tal segno? *Asp.* Sì t' adoro. *Cle.* Oh  
voce!

*Asp.* Grave a te forse? *Cle.* Io manco. *Asp.* Ah  
parla. *Cle.* Oh Dio!

*Asp.* Parla; m' abborri? *Cle.* Oimè! t' adoro anch'io.  
*Asp.* Numi! e fia ver? *Cle.* Pur troppo. Io per  
te sola

Venni in odio a me stesso,  
Per te Locri lasciai, per te de' Greci  
Tutte corsi le piagge, e quì condotto  
Dalla gloria all' altar—Ma che più dirti?  
Quanto feci finor fu per fuggirti.

*Asp.* Oh ciel! qual tetro raggio  
La mia mente rischiara? *Cle.* Odiami, fuggi,  
Ambo ci amiam; l' orribile mistero  
Vincesti, aperto è già. *Asp.* Pur troppo è vero.

*Cle.* Se a Eraclide palese  
Fosse la fiamma rea,  
Che mai farebbe oh Dio!

Ah, piuttosto per te morir vogl'io.  
*Asp.* Sì da te fuggirò, giacchè lo brami:  
All' onor mio quest' atto  
Illustre io deggio, ed alla gloria mia:  
Nobil trionfo sì questo sarà;  
Ma trionfando io morirò—Clearco  
Io da te parto, addio—  
Non ti smarrir nel mio destin, ispiri  
Costanza al tuo dolor l' esempio mio,  
Innocente 'l mio cor serbai finora,  
E innocente morir io voglio ancora.

Non temer fra pochi istanti  
Idol mio sarò con te;  
Porterò fra l' ombre amanti  
Il candor della mia fè.  
Reo destin tiranno io moro,  
Ma disprezzo i sdegni tuoi;  
Più m' affanna o mio tesoro  
Di mia morte il tuo martir.

(parte)



CLEA. Whither shall I fly?

ASP. Ah! were I but graced with the charms of Egesta.

CLEA. What do I hear? is it possible that my sister should feel the sting of jealousy for me?

ASP. Alas! it is too true, the accursed fiend has invaded my tender bosom.

CLEA. Does then thy love presume to over-step the bounds set by the laws?

ASP. Yes, I must confess it, I adore thee.

CLEA. O fatal declaration!

ASP. Does it excite thy indignation?

CLEA. Alas! I faint—

ASP. Ah, dear Clearcus speak.

CLEA. O heavens?

ASP. Speak, dost thou hate me?

CLEA. I wish I could—but our affections are mutual.

ASP. Oh! what joy, what mighty ecstacy possesses my soul at this discovery!

CLEA. Yes, dearest Aspasia, it was for thy sake I quitted Locres, and wandered about in various parts of Grece, till a fatal victory which I obtained in this kingdom led me to the Altar of Hymen—but what can I say more—I endeavoured to resist my passion. and our separation appeared to me the best expedient.

ASP. A sudden cloud eclipses my happiness:

CLEA. Ah! let us both seek some distant region, far from each other for ever.

ASP. The measure is cruel, but reason advises me to adopt it.

CLEA. Should Heraclides detect our criminal fires, what will become of thee—Ah! rather, let me perish for thy sake.

ASP. Yes, I consent to leave thee—I am too sensible that my duty as well as thy own require it; it will be a noble triumph of my virtue, but in this triumph my bleeding heart will be the victim—instead of thee, I shall embrace Death—farewell dear Clearcus, farewell for ever—Let not the frowns of my destiny discompose thy mind—my intrepidity may aid thee to summon the fortitude of thy soul—Those, whose conscious thoughts are full of inward guilt, may shake with horror, but though my heart is wounded, my virtue is untainted,

We shall soon join in Elysium; where the purity of our flame shall be free from censure, where nothing can stain the candour of my innocence—'tis my fate to die, and I am resigned to it—

beloved Clearcus, I grieve at thy affliction, more  
than at my death. [exit]

CLEA. Ye cruel powers! take me as you have made  
me, miserable: you cannot make me guilty.

ELP. My prince here is a paper directed to you.

*(gives the paper and exit.)*

CLEA. What can this be? *(reads)* 'Clearcus, thou  
art neither brother to Aspasia, nor the son of Aristocles; let  
this serious intelligence rule thy future conduct.'—Oh  
what strange event now! every idea of comfort now disap-  
pears; this is the last blow of fortune. [exit]

### S C E N E VIII.

Filossenus and Cléon.

FIL. A messenger arrived this instant from Locres,  
and brought for you this paper and this jewel.

*(gives him the paper and the jewel)*

CLEO. What do I see! O heavens! this is the very  
same jewel, which I appended to the neck of Alcæus,  
but let us read "Cleon, Clearcus is not son of Aristocles,  
as supposed to be; my husband found him at Mount Æt-  
na, where he was exposed when infant, he had about his  
neck the jewel which I transmit to you. My husband  
took pity of the child and brought him to me; I was then  
nursing the true Clearcus, who happened to die at that  
very time; upon which I took an opportunity of substi-  
tuting the foundling in the room of the deceased. 'Tis  
Argia the Nurse, who in her dying moments thinks it  
her duty to make such an important discovery."—Oh  
fortunate event! Now I see that Clearcus is the true Al-  
cæus, Eternal powers, I find a pious gratitude disperse  
within my soul, for your mercy in dispelling the fatal er-  
ror that occasioned all our disasters.

In the fatal darkness of my mind, an auspicious  
star-beam fortunately appears, and leads me  
into the path of truth. And yet that tyrant  
doubt torments my breast: my thoughts like  
birds when frightened from their nest, around  
the place, where all was hurl'd before,  
Flutter and hardly settle any more. [seems]

*Cle.* Ah, barbaro ch' io fui ! La resi a parte  
De' miei rimorsi. *Elp.* Prence  
Eccoti un foglio. *(gli dà il foglio e parte)*

*Cle.* Oh Dio !  
Che mai farà ? *Clearco* *(legge)*  
‘ Tu non sei nè Germano d' Aspasia,  
‘ Nè d' Aristocle figlio ;  
‘ Quest' arcano ti dà lume e consiglio.  
Per me pace non v' è, non v' è conforto,  
Ad ogn' istante oppresso  
Più in me non giungo a ravvisar me stesso. *(partono)*

S C E N A VIII.

Filosseno, e Cleone

*Fil.* Di Locri in questo punto  
Un messaggier è giunto, e questo foglio,  
*(gli dà il foglio e la gemma)*

A te reca, Signor, e questa gemma.  
*Cleo.* Che miro o ciel ! questa è la gemma istessa  
Ch' io posi al sen d' Alcèo.  
Ma leggasi — *Clearco*,  
‘ D' Aristocle non è figlio *Clearco*,  
‘ Dell' Etna alle radici  
‘ Al fato in abbandono  
‘ Lo trovò 'l mio Conforte, e lo raccolse,  
‘ Con questa che t' invio  
‘ Gemma nel seno ; il ver *Clearco* allora  
‘ Spirò fra le mie braccia, e 'l duol temendo  
‘ Del Genitor, in vece  
‘ Del pargoletto estinto  
‘ Posi 'l finto *Clearco*.  
‘ Negli estremi momenti  
‘ La sua Nutrice Argia  
‘ Ti confida l' arcano. — O me felice !  
Dunque *Clearco* è Alcèo ?  
Quante grazie vi rendo eterno Dei,  
Che sgombraste l' error dai pensier miei.  
Nell' orrore d' oscura foresta  
Per conforto dell' alma dubbiosa ;  
Veggio un raggio di stella pietosa,  
Che m' addita l' amico sentier.  
Temo intanto confuso agitato,  
Fiera smania mi toglie a me stesso,  
Ed in folla mi corrono appresso  
Mille dubbj a turbarmi il pensier.

*(partono)*

## S C E N A IX.

*Luggo solitario, dove si vedono alcune tombe,*

Clearco, indi Eraclide, Egeſta, Filoſſeno, Cleone ed  
Elpenore.

*Clea eſce paſſando col foglio in mano.*

*Clea.* Eccovi, o ſacri orrori  
Bramati del mio cor. Fra quelle auguſte  
Ampie rovine, e queſti  
Ferali alberghi della morte, io poſſo  
Gemere in libertà. Qui tutto ſpira  
Degli eſtinti il ſilenzio! appena il canto  
De' fuggitivi augelli  
L' interrome talor. Dell' aura appena  
Tra le frondi agitate  
Aſcolto il ſibilar. Secreti e ſoli  
Del mio duol, de' miei paſſi  
Teſtimonij ſaran gli ſterpi, i ſaſſi—  
Giuſti Dei, che ſcoperta! A me Ariſtotele  
Non diè la vita? E queſto foglio il dice!  
Qual fulmine novello  
Piomba ſopra di me!—Folle che penſo?  
Grazie forſe non debbo  
Rendere al mio deſtin?—Dei beni forſe  
Il più grande non è, reſtando amante,  
Più non eſſer German?—Ma che ragiono?  
Forſe ignoto a me ſteſſo io poi non ſono?  
Chi fa, qual ſen, qual forte  
Mi diè la vita? E com mai d'Aspaſia  
Colla paterna legge  
Sperar la mano? Ah, che dal primo abiffi,  
Che già mi vidi a lato,  
A un abiffio maggior mi guida il fato.

*Era.* Che fai Clearco in queſti luoghi? *Clea.* Ah  
come!

Qui pur? *Ege.* Di te cerchiam. *Clea.* Nè ſolo  
io poſſo

Le mie ſmanie ſfogar. *Fil.* Deh caro Prence  
Svelane la cagion. *Clea.* Ah ſe nel mondo  
Degli uomini il più reo dirmi non lice,  
Poſſo dirmi fra tutti il più infelice.

Nuove ognor, funeſte pene  
Strazio fan di queſto core;  
Geme in lui traſitto amore,  
Piange ſtanca in lui virtù.

*Era.* Figlio. *Cleo.* Eroe— *Ege.* Deh ſenti—

*Fil.* Amico



## S C E N E IX.

*A solitary place, where some tombs are seen.*

Clearcus, then Heracles, Egea, Filossenus  
Cleon and Elpenores.

*[thoughtful and with a paper.]*

CLEA. I want to be alone. to find some shade, some solitary gloom ; there to shake off these harsh tumultuous cares that vex my life——

The terror of this place, where reigns an awful silence suits the melancholy tune of my soul—No voice is heard here, save the warbling notes of the feathered race, or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves—My deep sorrow, my misery shall be my sole companions——merciful powers ! what discovery ! I am not Son of Aristocles ; so this paper assures me——this is a new frown of my cruel destiny——yet, why should I complain ? this discovery justifies my passion, since I am not brother to Aspasia, but alas ! how do I deceive myself ? now I remain a stranger to my own condition——

I appear no more than a poor foundling ; how can I hope to obtain the hand of Aspasia——before, I stood on a precipice, but fortune has truly shoved me down.

HER. What does Clearcus in this place ?

CLEA. How my gracious King ! and you also here.

EGE. We came to look for you. *[to Egea.]*

CLEA. Why am I denied the comfort of wholesome solitude to sooth my grief.

FIL. But prince we are all at a loss to know the cause of your strange resolution.

CLEA. Alas ! my heart is innocent, and yet there is no mortal more wretched than myself.

By swift misfortunes I am pursued, which like waves are renewed on each other ! My am'rous hopes are vanishing as clouds lighter then children's bubbles blown by winds.

HER. My son. CLE. O noble Clearcus.

EGE. Hear us. FIL. My friend. EGE. Prince—

HER. Speak. EGE. Say what happened?

CLEA. The sun that with one look surveys the globe  
Sees not a wretch like me! could I but breathe  
The secret anguish of my soul,  
I should engross the pity of mankind. [exit

HER. Let us follow him, he deserves our care. [exeunt

SCENE THE LAST.

Filiossenus then Heraclides.

Egesta and Cleon; afterwards Alcæus and Aspasia, then  
Elpenores.

FIL. Cleon also told me that he had a great secret to  
reveal; this day seems big with some extraordinary event.

HER. May we depend on this? EGE. Is this certain?

CLEG. Let no doubt hang heavy at your hearts, Cle-  
arcus is the true Alcæus.

EGE. Now I comprehend the meaning of that inward  
aversion which I felt for the intended nuptials.

HER. Now all the prodigies of Jove are clear to me.

ALC. Ah dear father. ASP. All our dangers are over.

ALC. Comfort, like the golden sun, dispels the mist,  
and clears the house of care.

HER. My beloved son—

CLEO. O ye eternal powers—words would but wrong  
the gratitude we owe you; so permit our silent hearts to  
thank you. ALC. Then—

ASP. Oh joy! ALC. Aspasia— App. Alcæus—

ALC. The joys of marriage tried by constant loves are  
the heaven on earth, life's paradise, and it will be our lot.

ASP. O extacy!

HER. We are supremely blest by the mercy of the Gods!

OWNES. Let all Sicily resound our Joy. Let altars smoke,  
and richest gums, and spice, and incense roll,

The fragrant wreaths to heaven, to gracious heaven;

and let our example teach the heart struck with  
adversity, that we must ever

Submit our fate to Jove's indulgent care,

Tho' all seems lost, tis impious to despair.

T H E E N D.

